



ROY THOMAS, RICK HOBERG, & BILL COLLINS

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DEATH ON
EARTH-X!

ALL-STAR SQUADRON



THE WEE FIRST HOURS OF MONDAY, FEB. 23, 1942... ON A WORLD WE KNOW AS EARTH-TWO.

DOUBTLESS A GOODLY NUMBER OF THE LATE-NIGHT MOTORISTS WHO SPEED BY ON THE GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY WHICH LINKS LONG ISLAND, QUEENS, AND MANHATTAN TAKE A PASSING MOMENT TO PONDER PRECISELY WHAT MIGHT BE GOING ON INSIDE THE BRIGHTLY-LIT, GLEAMING-WHITE STRUCTURE KNOWN AS THE PERISPHERE.

IT'S HIGHLY UNLIKELY, HOWEVER, THAT ANY OF THEM WILL HAVE GUESSED CORRECTLY:

THAT, JUST SECONDS AGO, A MASKED MAN CALLED MIDNIGHT STUMBLERED THROUGH ITS GREAT DOORS AND COLLAPSED—OR THAT FROM A METAL CONTAINER HE CARRIED THE ASSEMBLED COSTUMED HEROES WITHIN HAVE NOW RETRIEVED THE MINUSCULE, UNMOVING FORM OF ONE THEY KNOW BY REPUTATION AS—

—THE DOLL MAN—

—AND HE LOOKS LIKE HE MIGHT JUST BE DYING!

BUT WHAT WAS HE DOING BEING MAILED AROUND IN A SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX WITH AIR HOLES?

AND YOUR UNCLE SAM'S GOT A NOTION OR TWO ABOUT THE ANSWER... BUT BEFORE I SPEAK MY PIECE, I'D RATHER GIVE MIDNIGHT A CHANCE TO TELL YOU HIMSELF.

THAT'S THE \$64 QUESTION!

YOU MIGHT FIND HIM EASIER TO BELIEVE THAN A FELLER WHO LOOKS LIKE HE SASHAYED OUT OF A RECRUITING POSTER!

1942—a world at war! And against the forces of Axis darkness, the mightiest heroes of Earth-Two have banded together, under direct orders of the President, as the

ALL STAR SQUADRON

CRISIS ON EARTH-X!

THE PREQUEL

HOW ABOUT IT, DR. MID-NITE? IS YOUR SEMI-NAMESAKE GOING TO BE ABLE TO CLUB US IN?

PLEASE DO NOT HURRY HIM UNLUPLY, FLASH.

THOUGH I AM STILL UNCERTAIN ABOUT THE PARTICULARS, I BEGIN TO SENSE THAT THIS MAN HAS COME FROM A FAR PLACE TONIGHT—FARTHER, PERHAPS, THAN EVEN THE SPECTRE WOULD EVER HAVE DREAMED!

I'LL BE OKAY, PEOPLE. JUST NEED A MINUTE... CATCH MY BREATH...

"Yesterday, December 7, 1941—
a date that will live in infamy."
—the immortal phrasing by
Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt.



WE PICKED A GREAT NIGHT FOR OUR FIRST GENERAL MEETING!

FIRST A GUY RUNS IN HERE CLAIMING TO BE UNCLE SAM, NO LESS--AND SWEARING HE'S JUST COME BACK FROM ANOTHER EARTH, ALMOST EXACTLY LIKE OURS--

--AND NOW THIS!

ON THE OTHER HAND, SUPERMAN, IT MAY JUST BE THAT WE HAPPEN TO BE IN THE RIGHT PLACE, AT PRECISELY THE RIGHT TIME--FOR ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT MISSIONS OF OUR ENTIRE CAREERS!

AND FOR ME TO PATCH UP THAT NASTY SHOULDER WOUND, FELLA.

ROY THOMAS & RICK HOBERG
writer/artist-in-residence
extend a hearty handshake to
BILL COLLINS, *inker* *noteworthy*

GENE D'ANGELO
colorist

ALBERT DE GUZMAN & CODY
letterers

WITH A TIP OF THE THOMAS/HOBERG CHAPEAUX TO LEN WEIN, WHO FIRST CONCEPTUALIZED THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS AS A GROUP "WY BACK IN JUSTICE LEAGUE #107-108.

I THINK YOU JUMPED THE GUN ABOUT THE DOLL MAN'S CONDITION, PHANTOM LADY.

LOOK! HE ALREADY SEEMS BETTER, JUST FROM BEING BATHED IN THE LIGHT OF MY POWER RING.

UHMM--

THANK GOD!

THEN I GUESS THAT LEAVES IT UP TO OL' SAMUEL TO TRY AND PIECE TOGETHER WHAT MIGHT'VE HAPPENED TO THE TWO OF 'EM.

YOU? WE DON'T EVEN KNOW FOR SURE WHO YOU ARE YET, WHISKERS!

JOHNNY QUICK! AT LEAST WE CAN HEAR HIM OUT!

WE CAN DO MORE THAN THAT, LIBERTY BELL. PERSONALLY, I'M TEMPTED TO BELIEVE HE MIGHT JUST BE THE LEGENDARY UNCLE SAM--

--BUT THERE'S NOBODY LIVING WHO CAN LIE--WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF MY MAGIC LASSO.



LOOP AWAY, WONDER WOMAN!
I'LL DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO
GET YOU FOLKS TO BELIEVE ME.

LIKE I SAID BEFORE, I FOUND
OUT LAST SUMMER THAT, JUST
BY THINKIN' HARD, I COULD
CONJURE UP A RED-WHITE-
AND-BLUE VORTEX--

--AND STEP OUT INTO
ANOTHER EARTH, WHERE
THE AXIS RATS WERE
DOIN' EVEN BETTER THAN
THEY WERE HERE--

--PROBABLY BECAUSE
THERE WASN'T A
SINGLE MYSTERY-
MAN ON THE
WHOLE BLAMED
PLANET TO STOP 'EM!

"LESSEE NOW--THAT
WAS JUST 'BOUT THE
TIME THE NAZIS
PULLED THEIR SNEAK
ATTACK ON RUSSIA.

"WE, I TOOK UP
FIGHTIN' SKUNKS
LIKE THE SO-
CALLED STEEL
HELMETS--

"--HOMEGROWN
FASCISTS, BUT JUST
AS POISONOUS
AS HITLER OR
MUSSOLINI--

"--WHEN
MY HEAD
STARTED
THROBBIN'!

"DON'T ASK ME HOW, BUT I SAW AN IMAGE OF THE FUTURE, SOMEHOW--

"--JAPANESE ZEROES
BLASTING HELL OUT OF
SOME AMERICAN BASE.

"COURSE, I KNOW NOW THE PLACE
WAS PEARL HARBOR, NOT LONG
AFTER I SAW THE VISION.

"SOMEHOW, THINGS
DIDN'T WORK OUT
THAT WAY--BUT FOR
THE LIFE OF ME, I
HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE
TO FIGURE OUT JUST
WHY."

"BUT I FIGURED THIS EARTH COULD TAKE
CARE OF ITSELF, WITH HEROES LIKE THE
JUSTICE SOCIETY RUNNING AROUND.

"BECAUSE EVERYONE ON EARTH--TWO HAS FORGOTTEN PER DEGATON'S
ATTEMPT TO CONQUER THE WORLD BY CHANGING THE COURSE OF
HISTORY THAT DAY--AS REVEALED IN OUR FIRST THREE ISSUES. --R.T.

"ANYWAY, I SCOTTED BACK HERE TO SCARE UP A FEW COSTUMED HERO TYPES--AND LORD FORGIVE ME, I FOUND 'EM FAST ENOUGH."

"NEON THE UNKNOWN..."

"THE INVISIBLE HOOD..."

"THE RED TORPEDO..."

"MISS AMERICA..."

"MAGNO, THE MAGNETIC MAN..."

"FIGURED I'D TAKE BACK SOME SAVING-NEW HEROES--ONES EAGER TO MAKE A NAME FOR THEMSELVES. THAT WAS MY BIG MISTAKE."

"STILL, I KNEW I NEEDED AT LEAST ONE MYSTERY-MAN WITH SOME TIME UNDER HIS COLLAR--SO SINCE IT'S NOT TOO HARD FOR UNCLE SAM TO PUZZLE OUT WHO A MASKED HERO REALLY IS--"

"--I POPPED UP ONE SUMMER NIGHT AT THE NEW YORK CHEMICAL LAB OF ONE--"

REX TYLER!

I WANT YOU!

"HUM? IT'S A LITTLE EARLY FOR HALLOWEEN, ISN'T IT, POPS?"

MAYBE I SHOULD CALL YOU BY YOUR OTHER MONICKER--THE HOURMAN!

NOW COME ON--WE'RE WASTING TIME! THERE'S A WAR THAT NEEDS WINNING.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME ABOUT THE WAR, MAC.

BUT I'M NOT HOURMAN--ANY MORE THAN YOU'RE UNCLE SAM!

"GUESS TIME WAS RUNNIN' TOO SHORT FOR MY HURRIED-UP STORY TO MAKE MUCH SENSE..."

PARALLEL EARTHS? VISIONS OF THE FUTURE? WHY DON'T YOU GO PLAY WITH NAPOLEON, AND LET ME GET BACK TO MY EXPERIMENTS!

GO ON--BEAT IT BEFORE I CALL A COP!

NO--WAIT! YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME, SONNY--

DON'T CALL ME SONNY! YOU'VE GOT TO THE COUNT OF THREE TO--

HEY! YOU'RE A STRONG LITTLE LUNATIC!



BUT IF YOU'RE UNCLE SAM-- THEN I'M KNUTE ROCKNE, ALL-AMERICAN!

"SEEN" BACKWARD, I MADE A GRAB AT TYLER, AND I'LL BE BLAMED IF--

DAMN!



OKAY, SO NOW THE GLOVES-- AND THE LAB COATS-- ARE OFF. NO SENSE TRYING TO PROTECT THE OLD SECRET IDENTITY ANY LONGER--

--SO I MIGHT AS WELL FINISH THIS LITTLE CLAMSHELL IN STYLE--



--AS THE HOURMAN!

SINCE YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT ME, OLD-TIMER, YOU MIGHT ALSO KNOW I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A WAY TO END MY DEPENDENCE ON MY MIRACLO PILLS-- BY DEVELOPING A RAY THAT'LL GIVE ME THE SAME KIND OF RAW POWER THEY DO.

HAVEN'T QUITE LICKED IT YET-- BUT I WAS WEARING MY FIGHTING TOGS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WEEKS, 'CAUSE I'M THAT CLOSE.

I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF YOU THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THOUGH-- BY POPPING A PILL.



AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THOSE TALL TALES THAT SAY MIRACLO GIVES ME THE STRENGTH OF FIFTY MEN.

IT'S REALLY ONLY ABOUT TEN.

WAIT! I DON'T--DUNNWH!!



DAGNAB IT, SON, I'M GETTIN' RIGHT TIRED OF BEING YOUR PERSONAL WHIPPIN' BOY.

WHY--? I-- CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I NEVER MET A NORMAL MAN WHO COULD STAND UP TO ME AFTER I'VE TAKEN A MIRACLO PILL.

MAYBE YOU'RE NOT THE TRUE-BLUE UNCLE SAM-- BUT YOU'RE NOT JUST A LOONEY GOING ON ADRENALINE, EITHER.

MAYBE IT'S TIME I SHOWED SOME OF THAT OL' SPIRIT OF '76, AND REALLY STARTED FIGHTIN' BACK!

WHO IN BLAZES ARE YOU??



THEY CALL THAT LITTLE
PUDDLE THE PACIFIC...
THOUGH IT AIN'T EXACTLY
TOO PEACEFUL, THESE
DAYS.

UH...MISS
AMERICA?

NO PROBLEM, UNCL!
I CAN ALTER THE MOLECULES
OF THAT ALBATROSS--TURN
HIM TEMPORARILY INTO A
GLIDER-KITE WE
CAN REST ON.

BUT WHY ARE WE OUT
HERE, IN THE MIDDLE
OF DECEMBER, YET?

A BETTER QUESTION, MISSY, MIGHT BE--WHAT THE HECK ARE THEY DOING HERE??

GOOD LORD, JAPANESE
ZEROCES! IF THERE'S
A CARRIER IN THE
VICINITY, DOES THAT
MEAN--?

SURE DOES,
NEON! DON'T ASK ME
HOW--BUT I JUST KNOW!
THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY
TO ATTACK AN AMERICAN
BASE SOMEWHERE
AROUND HERE!

THEN--SHALL WE, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS?

"WE SURE AS SHOOTIN' DID."

SHEER STRENGTH...
ATOMIC ALTERATIN'...
MAGNETIC BLASTS...
NEONIC RAZZMATAZZ...
WE HAD IT ALL AND WE
SURE GAVE IT TO THEM
ZEROCES.

FTOOW!

"COURSE, THERE WERE EVEN
MORE OF 'EM THAN SIX OF
US COULD HANDLE--EVEN
COUNTIN' AN INVISIBLE MAN--

JOAN--
MISS DALE--
I FEEL LIKE A
SEVENTH WHEEL.
COULD YOU
MAYBE--?

I'LL TRY,
TORPEDO. I'M
JUST ABOUT AT
THE END OF MY
ENERGY--WON'T
BE ABLE TO DO
MUCH MORE ATOM-
BENDING FOR
A WHILE--

--BUT I
THINK I'VE
STILL GOT THE
MOLECULAR
MOXIE
TO DO--

WHOOOM!

CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE

--THIS!

"YAHOO! GREAT LAST SHOT, LADY! YOU DUPLICATED MY SPECIAL SUB OUT OF THIN AIR!"

"TODD AND COMPANY BETTER WATCH OUT NOW!"

"JIM LOCKHART'S WONDER-SHIP NO MORE--NIT THE WATER--"

SHOOOSH!

"--THAN IT WAS BLAZIN' AWAY WITH THE VERY KIND OF THING THAT GAVE 'EM HIS OTHER NAME--THE RED TORPEDO."

"HIS AIM WEREN'T ALL THAT BAD, EITHER."



"BY DUMB LUCK, HE NOT ONLY DIDN'T HIT THE ZERO THAT KENT THURSTON--ALIAS THE INVISIBLE HOOD--WAS NOW PILOTIN'--"

"--BUT HIS NEXT TIN FLYING-FISH TOOK OUT A PLANE THAT WAS ON THE HOOD'S TAIL."



"WAY TO GO, RED! MY MAGNETIC PULL'S WORN OUT FOR A WHILE--OR I'D HAVE DONE IT!"

"BUT EVEN AS SOME OF US GOT WEAKER--"

"--THE JAPANESE ADMIRAL, NOT TOO MANY MILES AWAY, MUST'VE DECIDED THE RADIO SILENCE THEY'D ALL BEEN UNDER FOR WEEKS DIDN'T MAKE SENSE ANYMORE."



"THE HOOD HEARD 'IM ORDERING HIS FLYBOYS TO FIGHT TO THE DEATH AGAINST US--WHOEVER IN TARNATION WE WERE--"



"--AND AT LEAST ONE OF HIROHITO'S BOYS TOOK HIM REAL SERIOUS."

WELL, DID MY MAGNETIZED FISH GET SOME OF THE DEVILS?

DOES AN EAGLE HAVE WINGS, SON?

NICE START, SAM, BUT TELL ME--WHAT PART OF THE PACIFIC IS THIS? WHERE DO YOU THINK THOSE ZEROES WERE REALLY HEADED?

WELL, SIR, IT'S JUST AN EDUCATED GUESS. MIND, BUT I'D SAY--

SAM-- EVERYBODY--

LOOK OUT!

ZERO AT THREE O'CLOCK!

RATTA
RATTA

"I'M TOLD THEY CALL 'EM SACRED WARRIORS...THE DIVINE WIND...Kamikaze...WHATEVER."

ALL I KNOW IS, WHEN THAT DIVIN' ZERO'S GUN'S FINALLY JAMMED AS HE CAME AT US OUT OF THE RISEN SUN--

"--HE SURE REMEMBERED HIS ADMIRAL'S WORDS ABOUT 'TO THE DEATH.'"

BOOM!

"NEXT SECOND, THE TORPEDO'S CONJURED-UP SHIP TURNED BACK TO RANDOM ATOMS--AS THE PLANE WENT UP LIKE THUNDER AN' LIGHTNING!"

"I GUESS IT'S LIKE THAT WRITER-GUY MELVILLE SAID, AT THE TAIL END OF MOBY DICK--QUOTIN' JOB HE WAS:

"AND I ONLY AM ESCAPED ALONE TO TELL THEE SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT"

WHY I SURVIVED, I DON'T KNOW-- BUT EVEN HURT AS I WAS, I SOMEHOW CLUNG TO SOME DEBRIS, FOR WHAT MUST'VE BEEN DAYS.



TILL I WASHED UP ON A BEACH ONE SUNNY MORNIN'.

HE DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY WEAPONS ON HIM.

WHERE IN HOHENZOLLERN AMT, ANYHOW, DOUGHBOYS?

THINK WE OUGHT TO TAKE HIM BACK TO OAHU, SARGE?



DON'T MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES FOR A MINUTE POP!

DANU--HAWAII?? THEN THAT'S WHERE THOSE YOKOJAN-A RATS WERE HEADIN'?

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN--SINCE OUR PACIFIC FLEET'S BEEN BASED AT PEARL HARBOR FOR MONTHS!

QUICK--TELL ME--DID ANY PLANES GET THROUGH AND ATTACK THE BASE?

THE JAPS--ATTACK HERE? YOU MUST'VE BEEN CHEWING LINGO-SEA-WEED, MISTER.

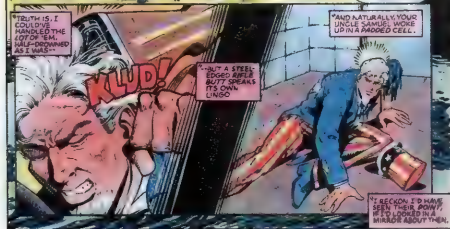
GRAB 'IM SOLD-ERS!



HOLY CROW!

NO--HOLD YOUR HORSES, BOYS! YOU DON'T SAVEH!

HE'S AS STRONG AS HE'S CRAZY! GET HIM!



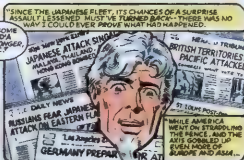
TRUTH IS, I COULD'VE HANDLED THE LOT OF 'EM, HALF-DROWNED AS I WAS--

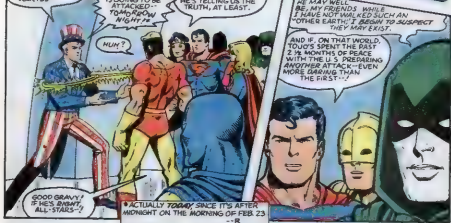
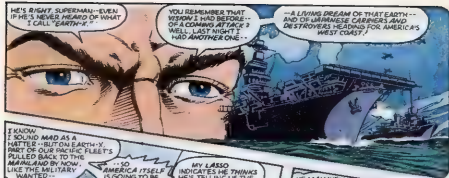
KLUD!

BUTT A STEEL-EDGED RAFFLE BUTT SPEAKS ITS OWN LINGO

AND NATURALLY, YOUR UNCLE SAMUEL WOKE UP IN A PADDED CELL.

RECKON I'D HAVE SEEN THEIR POINT, IF I'D LOOKED IN A MIRROR ABOUT THEN.







GOOD OR NOT
FELLA--IT'LL BE
THE TRUTH.



MY STORY
TOO, STARTS IN
THE WEE SMALL
HOURS OF
DECEMBER 7TH.

"I'D HEARD ABOUT THIS
UNCLE SAM CHARACTER,
AND TRACKED HIM TO
BANNERMAN CHEMICAL
LABORATORY TO FIND
OUT WHAT HE WAS UP TO,
WHEN ---"

PSST...AREN'T
YOU THAT GUY
MIDNIGHT?

WHO--?
OH, NOW I
SEE YOU!



DON'T TELL
ME--YOU'RE
THE DOLL
MAN!

WHO GAVE YOU
THE FIRST CLUE,
PHLO VANCE?

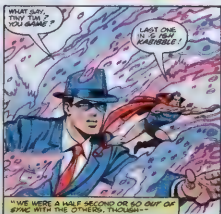
C'MON! I'VE A
HUNCH WE'RE
BOTH
TRACKING
THE SAME
MAN.



"WE GOT TO TYLER'S LAB JUST IN TIME TO SEE--"

HECK JOE!
WHAT'S HAPPENING
TO THEM??"

THEY'RE
DOING A RED-
WHITE- AND-
BLUE RADE-
OUT!



WHAT SAY,
TINY TIM?
YOU GAME?

LAST ONE
IN 'S I'M
KASHBLE!

"WE WERE A HALF SECOND OR SO OUT OF
SYNC WITH THE OTHERS, THOUGH--"



"--SO THOUGH WE TOO WERE
PULLED ALONG IN THE WAKE OF
SAM'S VORTEX TO THAT OTHER
EARTH-- EVEN IF WE DIDN'T
REALIZE IT YET--"

WHERE'D
THEY GO?
CAN'T SEE--

HOLD IT!
SOMETHING'S--



"--WE DIDN'T END
UP HIGH OVER THE
PACIFIC"

"MOST OF FRANCE WAS OCCUPIED
BY NAZI GERMANY FROM JUNE 1940
TILL SUMMER 1944. -- E.Y.



HOW THE DEVIL--? FROM
FROM ALL THESE NAZI
POSTERS, WE CAN'T BE
ANYWHERE BUT--OCCUPIED
PARIS! "

"THEN THAT'S
NO MOVIE SET
UP AHEAD"

SIE MÜSSEN
MIT UNS
MITKOMMEN!

WAS RU
DUMBLE!

**SACKS
ALIVE**

YOU MASTERED
ENOUGH FRENCH YET
TO GET THE GYST OF
THAT MIDNIGHT?

JUST BARELY
SOMETHING
ABOUT THE NAZIS
LEARNING THE
JAPANESE ARE
GOING TO LAUNCH
AN ATTACK
TOMORROW
AT DAWN?

LOUI. AN ATTACK--
AGAINST THE UNITED
STATES!! *

ADLY-2001

(IF THIS TRULY
BRINGS AMERICA INTO
THE WAR AT LAST, IT
COULD PROVE A
TURNING POINT
FOR ALL OF US.)

WE MUST
BEWARE NAZI
AND ITSELF--
LEARN PRECISELY
WHERE THE ATTACK
WILL OCCUR--SO
YOUR COUNTRY
WILL BE READY!!

723444 **AMINOACID** -- **ST**

"I'M FAIRLY GOOD AT SCRAMBLING AROUND ON ROOF TOPS, BUT FROM THERE IT WAS THE GOLF MAN'S PARTY."

TAKE
CARE
LITTLE
BITTY
BUDDY

JUST
HANK ME
UP SOON
AS I
CAN!

I CAN ONLY GUESS AT
WHAT HE SAW, ONCE
HE FOUND THE PROPER
WINDOW...

YEP, THIS IS THE
PLACE, ALL RIGHT!
THAT UNLAUTER'S
GETTING THE DOPE
STRAIGHT FROM
JIMMY --

--BUT WHO'S
THAT BEHIND
HIM?

"EVEN WHEN HE STEPPED INTO THE LIGHT, THE
ROLL MAN DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM--BUT I DID,
LATER--FROM ACCOUNTS OF WHEN WE'D TAKEN
ON THE WHOLE, ALL-STAR SQUADRON WHEN
HE TRIED TO CAPTURE WINSTON CHURCHILL...

IT IS ONLY
HOURS UNTIL
THE JAPANESE
ASSAULT. HERR
BARON TOO
LATE TO --

(NO! IT CANNOT
BE TOO LATE--
FOR BARON'S
BLITZKRIEG!)

* THE GOOD BARON
APPEARED IN ISSUES
7-9, BUT OF COURSE
DOLL MAN AND MIDNIGHT
WERE OUT OF TOWN
AT THE TIME. --R.T

< TELL TOKYO
 I SHALL JOIN
 THEIR FORCES--
 AS A SPECIAL
 REPRESENTATIVE
 OF OUR FATHER
 MYSELF ?

↳ TELL THEM
—ACH!

WAS IST DAS?

"OUTSIDE, THE DOLL MAN HAD BEEN ATTACKED BY A PRISONER DENIZEN ALMOST AS VILE AS THE NAZIS..."



"OH GREAT! JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!"

"THERE--AT THE WINDOW! A HIT--AND A MAN, ONLY HALF A FOOT TALL!"



"CAN IT BE--EVEN HERE--?"



"WELL, ANNY, MASKED MAN!"

"COME BACK, YOU INFERNAL LITTLE--?"

"GOOD WORK-- BUT I THINK THEY SAW ME."



"WHO GAVE YOU THE FIRST CALLS--MR. MOTO?"

"COME ON! WE'RE TAKING THE SCENIC ROUTE HOME."

"IF ANYBODY'D TOLD ME A FEW MONTHS EARLIER THAT I'D BE FLEEING NAZI TROOPS ACROSS THE ROOFS OF AMERICA, I'D HAVE CALLED IN THE BOYS IN THE WHITE COATS, BUT NOW--"



"WHAT'D YOU LEARN, PAL?"

"PRECISELY WHERE THE JAPANESE ARE GOING TO ATTACK THE STATES!"

"SURE? NO?"

"GUESS I COULD'VE ASKED WHERE..."

"...BUT RIGHT THEN, IT DIDN'T SEEM QUITE AS IMPORTANT AS MAKING A GETAWAY."



"PRETTY SOON THOUGH, THE THREE OF US WERE MORE OR LESS CORNERED BY ADOLF'S TOURIST TROUPE..."

"...AND THE ONLY PATH OPEN TO US WAS STRAIGHT AHEAD--THE TOWERS OF MADRID BRASS CATHEDRAL, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SCENE."



"CLIMBING ITS INTERIOR STONE STEPS, WE QUICKLY FOUND OURSELVES FIGHTING FOR OUR LIVES AMONG ITS CORNICES AND GARGYLES..."



MAYBE YOU'LL BOUNCE BACK TO BERLIN, WHERE YOU BELONG, FRETZ.

"AND THIS BARON OUTTHINKS--I'D HEARD ABOUT HIS ABILITY TO CONTROL HIS BODY'S FULL ENERGY STORE AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT, AND DO AMAZING THINGS WITH IT..."



"--BUT TELL HIM LEAPING A HUNDRED FEET INTO THE AIR TOWARD US--I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT."

"YEAH, TIME HAD RUN OUT FOR US. THIS BISHOP FEBRUARY NIGHT--STARTING WITH ME, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR SIMONE..."



WHY--?

"BUT SINCE MY NUMBER DIDN'T COME UP--I GUESS MERS HAD TO..."

AAAAAGH--!

"I LIKE TO THINK SHE NEVER EVEN FEELT THE NAZI BULLET THAT STRUCK THE BACK OF HER HEAD."

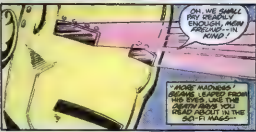


"I WAS TOO STUNNED TO MOVE FOR A SECOND-- BUT NOT MY POCKET-SIZE PARTNER--"

YOU ROTTEN... YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR THAT!



DER ZWERN KÄMPFT WIE EIN TIGER!



OH, WE SHALL FEEL REALLY ENOUGH, MYN FRIEND--IN KIND!

"MORE MADNESS" BEARS LEAPED FROM HIS EYES, LIKE THE DEATH ANGEL YOU READ ABOUT IN THE SCI-FI MAGS--



"--AND THE DOLL MAN TOOK THE BRUNT OF IT!"

UNNNNN--!!

NO!

PUT DOWN
YOUR "TOM
THUMB"ALLY
AND SURRENDER,
AMERICANER!

I WOULD
KNOW--WHAT
YOU TWO
KNOW

I KNOW THIS,
FERROUS-FACE

MAYBE YOU BATTERED
FRANCE TO HER KNEES--
BUT AMERICA'S ANOTHER
STORY! WE--

"THAT'S WHEN
I SAW THAT
RED-WHITE-
AND-BLUE
VORTEX OF
LIGHT AGAIN,
SPINNING
CRAZILY OUT
IN EMPTY
SPACE--

"--AND I
DECIDED TO
TAKE A ONE-IN-
A-MILLION
CHANCE--

"OUR PARATROOPS
SHOUT 'GODWINHO'
WHEN THEY PRACTICE
JUMP--SO IN HONOR
OF MY FATHER--"

QUASIMODO!

FOLLOW HIM, YOU
FOOLS! I SHALL HOLD
EACH OF YOU PERSONALLY
RESPONSIBLE FOR
CAPTURING THEM BOTH--
OR DYING IN THE ATTEMPT!

W. J. STANING,
HIGER
BACHOW!

"WHATEVER
ELSE THOSE
RATZIS WERE
COMMANDS THEY
WEREN'T

"ONLY, SINCE I JUMPED A
SECOND BEFORE THEY DID,
I WOUND UP ON ONE
MANHATTAN ROOF--THEM
ON ANOTHER.

"AND A COUPLE
OF 'EM DIDN'T
END UP ON ANY
ROOF AT ALL--

SAY HELLO
TO THE
SIDEWALKS
OF NEW YORK,
HANSER!

"I WAS--" I'LL WONDERING
WHICH NEW YORK I'D
LANDED IN, THOUGH--THE
ONE WITH OR WITHOUT
MASKED HEROES--

"--WHEN I FOUND AN
ABANDONED METAL
BOX SOMEBODY
MUST'VE ONCE KEPT
A PET IN.

YOU'LL
BE SACRED
IN HERE
FELLA.

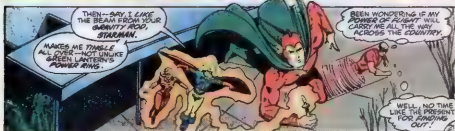
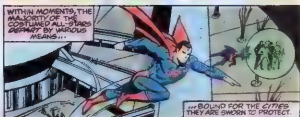
THANK GOD
YOU'RE STILL
ALIVE,
ANYWAY

"...A CONDITION I'LL
TRY TO KEEP BOTH
OF US IN!

"THEN, THE GERMAN
OBERLEUTNANT AND
HIS WOUNDS WERE ON
MY TRAIL AGAIN--

--AND ALL I KNEW
WAS, I HAD TO GET
THE DOLL MAN--AND
WHAT HE'D LEARNED--
TO SOMEBODY WHO
COULD HELP!"







HEY, I'M GOING BACK WITH YOU, SAM!

LIKE FUN YOU ARE! YOU'RE HOSPITAL-BOUND.

GOOD THING THE DOLL MAN WAS ONLY STUNNED!



WELL, SPECTRE--WE'RE READY WHEN YOU ARE.

THEN LET EVERYONE IN THE TASK FORCE LAY HANDS UPON YOU...



...WHILE YOU CONCENTRATE INSTANTLY UPON THAT WORLD FROM WHICH YOU RETURNED THIS NIGHT!

YES! I'LL DO ALL I CAN.



I--I CAN SEE IT, IN MY MIND'S EYE! SO CLOSE--YET--



IT SHALL SOON BE FAR CLOSER, MY FRIEND.

THE HEROES GAPE, AS THE SPECTRE'S FORM SUDDENLY FILLS THE CHAMBER--



--AND THEN THE PERISPHERE, NAY, THE VERY EARTH, FADES FROM VIEW.

THERE IT IS--YOUR 'EARTH-X'! ONE LAST BARRIER, AND--



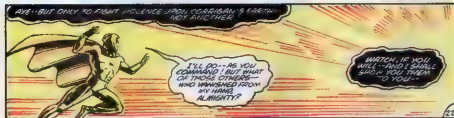
!ARRGH!! SOMETHING HOLDS ME BACK--I CANNOT PASS--!

YOU ARE NOT AS THOSE OTHERS, JIM CORRISSAN--



--IT IS NOT FOR THIS THAT I RESTORED YOU TWO YEARS AGONE!

YOU! THE HEAVENLY VOICE THAT VOICED ME THIS LIFE--IN DEATH AS THE SPECTRE!



AYE--BUT ONLY TO FIGHT VIOLENCE UPON CORRISSAN'S EARTH--NOT ANOTHER.

I'LL DO--AS YOU COMMAND! BUT WHAT OF THOSE OTHERS--WHO WANKED FROM MY HAND ALREADY?

WATCH, IF YOU WILL--AND I SHALL SHOW YOU THEM TO YOU--

--THOUGH
YOU ARE
FORBIDDEN
AT PERIL OF
YOUR IMMORTAL
SOUL, FROM
TRYING TO
REACH OR
HELP THEM!

BY SHERL AND GENEMMA! THE
SEVEN DO INDEED STAND UPON THE
AMERICAN WEST COAST OF
THAT OTHER EARTH--

--EVEN
AS THE
JAPANESE
ATTACK
BEGINS!



**NEXT
ISSUE**

The **BATTLE of SANTA BARBARA**
--TIMES TWO!!

MEANWHILE

"The way of the trailblazer is often strewn with rock and thorny bushes." (Ancient Sicilian folk saying.)

Blazing new trails can be an exhilarating adventure, but even the most cautious adventurer may find himself bruised and bleeding at journey's end. Such thoughts never entered our minds when we embarked on our oft-heralded DC talent search two years ago. Armed with the advice of my forebears and a confidence born of having spent some time in my 30-odd year career trying to develop new talent on a small scale, I ventured forth into the countryside determined to find the raw talent that would be tomorrow's creative force in the comic book industry.

Our search was successful, I'm glad we did it, but I gotta tell you—I was in no way prepared for the events that brought us to where we are now and if I had it to do over again, I'd need to find a new source of time and energy. It's been fun but it's been tough!

In 1981, I found myself in a decision-making capacity at DC Comics. It became clear to me that if DC (and the rest of the comic publishers, for that matter) was to continue publishing new material for an expanding market, we would have to find a way to enlarge the talent pool to accommodate the growth of new kinds of comics and new ideas, characters, and titles. Some very talented people had left comics for greener pastures. Others started doing less work in order to do it better to meet the demands of the rapidly emerging direct sale market. Still others left the industry because they could not meet those demands. And the influx of new talent was not sufficient to meet current schedule requirements, much less future ones.

So we embarked on our Talent Search...amid scoffing from some quarters and a watchful eye from all. (It's significant to note that most of the scoffers have since announced some form of talent search themselves!)

On the convention trail during 1982, I looked at portfolios and read script submissions till my eyes bled...or felt like they did. Back at the

office, mail submissions piled up at an alarming rate. Two things became quickly evident: 1) the talent was out there...in goodly numbers. 2) I couldn't handle the volume of work my other duties demanded and still conduct the talent search. What to do? We decided that a position should be created and a person hired to devote all his attention to the task of identifying, locating, and training new talent. The position: Talent Coordinator. And to fill it, old friend Sal Amendola. Sal was uniquely qualified for the job, having worked in every aspect of comic production and having spent a considerable amount of time in recent years teaching at The School of Visual Arts in New York City and Joe Kubert's School of Cartoon Art in Dover, New Jersey. When we announced Sal's arrival on the scene, mail submissions seemed to double, and during the 1983 convention swing we noticed that in addition to looking at many new portfolios, we found ourselves looking at updated portfolios of people whose work we had looked at in 1982. They came back again to show us that they had improved.

Fair questions: What has this all accomplished and where do we go from here? Quite a bit and as far as we can, see I:

- 1) The New Talent Showcase title was created to provide a vehicle to showcase the talents of some we feel are ready to our comic readers. A new expanded version of this book will begin publication sometime in 1984.
- 2) Most, if not all, of the new names you'll find in the credits of DC Comics are products of the new talent program. We expect to add more new names.
- 3) Sal relentlessly prods our less adventuresome editors to take a chance with one of the artists or writers on his "ready" list (which we intend to turn into an actual catalogue). This list is comprised of people we feel need professional experience and feedback to take the next step in their development. This list adds considerably to our available talent pool.
- 4) Some of the writers and artists

presented in the aforementioned New Talent Showcase turned pro before their new talent work was published (delays in scheduling were caused by a series of editorial assignment shifts) and often their pro assignments came from other publishers. I'm not always happy with that happening, but fair is fair...and it does expand the industry talent pool. It'll all shake out in the end.

Ah, the future! We are now requesting that mail submissions cease. We will not conduct talent searches at conventions in 1984. This is not because the new talent program is ended but because we must take the next step to bring the program to fruition. We call it phase II. To wit: All work that has been submitted to us will be returned with some evaluation or response. In some cases we will request updated samples for our in-house catalogue. Others will be informed that they are one of the fifty or so who we feel show the most promise. These fifty or so will be invited to attend seminars conducted by Sal Amendola and/or myself and others during the summer of 1984. The sites of these seminars will be determined by the demographics of the people chosen. Wherever possible, the seminars will be conducted in conjunction with or adjunct to comic conventions (Chicago and San Diego look like good bets). We are now making up that list and those on it will be informed before summer. Please don't call us...we'll call (or write) you with all the pertinent details as soon as they are determined. For those of you not on that list, DC Comics is currently preparing a sort of "How To..." book that may be helpful in improving your skills and providing the kind of information our talks with some of you have indicated would be most helpful. Sal Amendola and Nick Cuti will co-edit this book and more details will follow.

To all who submitted samples or came to talk to us at conventions, thanks for letting us look at your material. We know how much courage that often takes. We enjoyed talking with you and look forward to doing so again. We apologize to those who had to wait long periods of time for a response from us to their submissions. We did not anticipate the volume of submissions that were made and we were, and are, clearly overwhelmed. Moving our offices in November of 1982 didn't help either. Anyway, thanks a bunch for your participation, cooperation, and understanding when things developed. I appreciate.

And by the way, I made up that "ancient Sicilian folk saying" at the beginning of this column. It just seemed like a better way to start than "About our talent search..."

Thank you and good afternoon.

Dick

Sgt. ROCK HERE...
SHOWIN' YOU THIS
PREVIEW OF HELL...
D-DAY, JUNE 6,
1944! THE LUCKIEST
G.I.'S'LL WALK
AWAY WHOLE!

THE NEXT
LUCKIEST WILL DIE!
BUT--

--THE TOUGHEST TICKETS
GO TO THE GUYS WHO'LL WIND
UP IN THE V.A. HOSPITALS!

THE TOUGHEST TICKET

"THEY'LL GET THE BEST MEDICINE...
BUT, IN TIME, MANY OF 'EM WILL
LIE FORGOTTEN... FACIN' THEIR
WORST ENEMIES--"

BUT THERE'S A
GREAT GROUP THAT
WOON'T LET THAT
HAPPEN--THE
VETERAN'S BED-
SIDE NETWORK!

"EVERY WEEK, IN V.A. HOSPITALS
ACROSS THE LAND... THEY PRODUCE
RADIO-STYLE SHOWS USIN' THE
PATIENTS AS ACTORS!"

I CAN'T
HELP YOU,
HOT
LIPS!

COLONEL,
I ASK SO
LITTLE...

...AND
SHE GIVES
SO MUCH!

"...Boredom and
DEPRESSION!"

BECAUSE OF THE V.B.N.,
THERE ARE NO FORGOTTEN
HEROES! NOW... LET AN OLD
MARINE COMBAT PILOT TELL
YOU HOW YOU CAN JOIN UP!

SEE YOU
'ROUND THE
CHOW LINE,
BUDDIES...

TOUGH
AND
WARRIOR

HI... I'VE BEEN A VETERAN'S
BEDSIDE NETWORK BOOSTER
FOR 25 YEARS! IF YOU, TOO,
WANT TO HELP A HERO,
FILL OUT THIS COUPON...

Yes, I want to help a hero.
I'm at least 16 years old.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

MAIL TO:
Veteran's Bedside Network
1841 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10023

Attention: Arnold Drake



PROLOGUE: Now that Rick Hoberg is firmly enshrined as penciller-in-residence of **ALL-STAR SQUADRON** for what we both hope will be a long and happy tenure, we thought it was high time you found out a little about this West Coast talent. We talked him into scribbling his auto-bio, and even into doing a self-portrait (though we don't suspect he wears a Johnny Quick mask around the house all the time, does he, Aleta?). Take it away, Monsieur Rick:

A long time ago in a state far, far away (June 7, 1952, in Belton, Texas, exactly), I entered this earthly sphere as the first and only child of Richard Renold Hoberg and Alma Renick Hoberg, to become Richard Renick Hoberg, or Rick, as most of you know me.

My childhood from two weeks after birth was expended in Southern California behind the Orange Curtain (County) [sic], devouring dinosaur books, Warner Brothers cartoons, and, most of all, comic books. I copied these avidly, creating my only funny books, including letter pages (much like this one, stilled in my favor).

Anyway, I graduated high school and college (with a B.A. in Fine Arts), finally getting my shot at doing comics in 1975 through the late great Russ Manning, who had me penciling European Tarzan comics he was editing at the time.

From there I met Roy Thomas, who was at the competition then, and drew a few jobs for him in **SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN** (King Kull), **WHAT IF?**, **THE INVADERS**, and the baby that set the tone for my career to date, **STAR WARS**.

Yet my stay in comic books was cut short by my interest in animation, as I attained a position at Hanna-Barbera Studios, working under the brilliant direction/production of Doug Wildey on *Godzilla* and a few other projects, which included *Superfriends* and *Jaws of the Jungle*. From this start I continued in animation, working on many shows for many companies: *Thunder*, *The Barbarian*, *The Lone Ranger*, *Zorro*, on and on.

Once more, though, comics called—or should I say, Russ Manning and Lucastfilm called. They wanted me to work on the new **STAR WARS** comic strip, assisting Russ and doing an abundance of line drawings for the firm, which included coloring books and trademark drawings. This lasted exactly one year and then it was back to animation, where I became the primary char-

acter designer and storyboard artist for Marvel Productions' adventure cartoons on **SPIDER-MAN** and **HIS AMAZING FRIENDS**, **THE INCREDIBLE HULK**, and **G.I. JOE**, the first cartoon mini-series.

Then Roy offered me work in comics again, this time on **CAPTAIN CARROT**. I went for it, as they say: adios animation job, hello free-lance comics!

And a good decision it was, because it has led right here to **ALL-STAR SQUADRON**, working with some of my favorite characters and one of my favorite collaborators.

Okay, Axis, here we come!

—Rick Hoberg



Or, since we worked together all too briefly before on **THE INVADERS** at Marvel (the *World War II* adventures of Captain America, the Human Torch, and the Sub-Mariner), perhaps Rick should have made it: "Okay, Axis, here we come—again!" Anyway, the pleasure's all mine. It's great to see how so many fine comic-book writers and artists, who had been feared lost forever to the (to me) dubious wilds of *Saturday Morning Animation* are returning to do fine work in comics—and Rick's always shown the potential to be one of the best.

—R.T.

Dear Roy,

I'm sorry to hear Jerry Ordway is leaving **ALL-STAR SQUADRON**, but I've seen Rick Hoberg's art and I'm sure he'll be an admirable replacement.

Personally, I'd like to know how you know so much about comedom's Golden Age heroes. You must have to do a huge amount of research. What do you do—write the book during the day and

research it at night? Kenny Everhart

R.R. #1

Camden, OH 45311

I wish I had time to do it that way, Kenny. However, I do have access to virtually every super-hero comic published in the 1940's (as well as to many since then), in addition to getting a lot of advice and information from the likes of E. Nelson Bridwell and Peter Sanderson (DC's resident experts) and others.

—R.T.

Dear DC (and Roy Thomas):

I realize that I have not been what you might call a constant correspondent: my last letter to DC Comics was in August 1946, in which I enclosed 15¢ for a back issue of **BATMAN #1** and inquired whether Bob Kane also drew under the name "Dick Sprang"; I had noticed the similar art style in **REAL FACT COMICS**. DC returned my nickel and dime and said that Bob Kane did not draw under the pseudonym Dick Sprang. Well, you can understand with that type of rejection, it has taken some 37 years to get the courage to write again!

What has prompted my return to the DC mailbox? Nothing less than **ALL-STAR SQUADRON**! I have greatly enjoyed your first twenty-six issues for their fine rehashing of contemporary human conflicts (as exemplified by the anguish of Green Lantern in #20) within a nostalgic/historic framework (Prime Minister Churchill in the U.S., etc.). Equally enjoyable as the writing have been the drawings by your artistic teams. A particular high point for me in your recent story line was the Ordway rendering of my all-time favorites, Batman and Robin, drawn in the distinctive "Jerry Robinson" style of the 1940's.

Ronald L. Schwartz
2031 Paseo Olivus Ct.
San Jose, CA 95130

You'll see more of Batman and Robin in future issues, Ronald, though we plan to use them (and Superman) less than many another hero, for obvious reasons. Still, there are too many interesting "lost" areas of the lives of these three greatest of heroes for us to wish to ignore them totally—and we don't mind telling you that they're of considerable importance to the upcoming **JUSTICE SOCIETY-MINI-SERIES**, set for release this summer and autumn. We think some of the things you find out about them will be real eye-openers! And don't take so long to write us again, hear?

—R.T.

DC Comics Inc.
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New York, NY 10103

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Bruce Biallow, Marketing Director
Arthur Guitowitz, Treasurer

And, for those of you who might want to know about what happened to the Justice Society and their awesome offspring in later years, here's a thousand

words on the second issue of our companion title, *INFINITY, INC.*, now on sale at direct outlets only.



POSTSCRIPTUM: (Don't you just love all these fancy Latin-sounding titles? You don't? Oh, well. Anyway, just wanted to close this letters page by citing you in that, since we've been catching up on deadlines a bit, our "Squadroom" pages are often due for typesetting before we've gotten more than a handful of letters on the issue on sale four numbers earlier. Thus, starting next time around, there'll be a five-month lapse (between, say, ish #33 and an LP on #28). Meanwhile, we used this page to catch up on a few odds and ends. See you in a couple of fortnights, hero-lovers!

—Roy Thomas

ADDENDUM: We didn't want to get this issue and last all burdened down with footnotes that would merely distract from reading, but at the same time we thought you might just be interested in knowing more about some of the heroes

who showed up for the first full-roster (or thereabouts) meeting of the All-Star Squadron. The following list, added to the one published in issue #2, should fill you in at least on the start dates for virtually all the mystery-men (and women) who've appeared to date in the magazine. More info will be published in the forthcoming *JUSTICE SOCIETY MINI-SERIES*, due next summer.

Oh, and by the by—"DC" in parentheses means the hero was a DC star, while "Q" stands for the Quality Comics Group, whose characters were largely purchased by DC in the mid-50's. If a hero's origin wasn't presented in the first story, that's duly noted, too:

Tarantula: *STAR-SPANGLED COMICS* #1, published for October 1941. (DC)

The Guardian: *STAR-SPANGLED COMICS* #7, April 1942. (DC)

Sandy, the Golden Boy: (in Sandman series) *ADVENTURE COMICS* #69, December 1941. (no real origin) (DC)

Midnight: *SMASH COMICS* #18, January 1941. (Q)

Uncle Sam: *NATIONAL COMICS* #7, July 1940. (Q)

The Doll Man: *FEATURE COMICS* #27, December 1939. (Q)

Air Wave: *DETECTIVE COMICS* #60, February 1942 (no origin). (DC)

The Jester: *SMASH COMICS* #22, May 1941 (no origin). (Q)

The Human Bomb: *POLICE COMICS* #1, August 1941. (Q)

Manhunter: *POLICE COMICS* #8, March 1942. (Q)

Manhunter: *ADVENTURE COMICS* #73, April 1942. (DC)

The Vigilante: *ACTION COMICS* #42, November 1941. (DC)

The Red Bee: *HIT COMICS* #1, July 1940 (no origin). (Q)

The Black Condor: *CRACK COMICS* #1, May 1940 (Q)

TNT and Dan the Dyna-Mite: *STAR-SPANGLED COMICS* #7, April 1942 (origin in #8). (DC)

Green Arrow and Speedy: *MORE FUN COMICS* #73, November 1941 (origin of the team in #89). (DC)

The Whip: *FLASH COMICS* #1, January 1940. (DC)

The Ray: *SMASH COMICS* #14, September 1940. (Q)

Firebrand: (in costume) *ALL-STAR SQUADRON* #5, January 1982 (DC).

(Her brother, Rod Reilly, the original Firebrand, first appeared in *POLICE COMICS* #7, August 1941—a Quality comic).

The Crimson Avenger: *DETECTIVE COMICS* #20, October 1938 (with Wing becoming his costumed side in #59). (DC)

Commander Steel: *STEEL, THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN* #1, March 1978. (DC)

Mr. Terrific: *SENSATION COMICS* #1, January 1942. (DC)

The Star-Spangled Kid and Stripes: *STAR-SPANGLED COMICS* #1, October 1941 (origin in #18). (DC)

Zatara the Magician: *ACTION COMICS* #1, June 1938 (no origin). (DC)

Sargon the Sorcerer: *ALL-AMERICAN COMICS* #26, May 1941. (DC)

Mr. America: *ACTION COMICS* #1, June 1938 (as noncostumed type "Tex Thomson"—he became Mr. America in #33, and called himself the "American commando" from #52 on). (DC)

The Red Torpedo: *CRACK COMICS* #1, May 1940. (Q)

Magna: *SMASH COMICS* #13, August 1940. (Q)

Miss America: *MILITARY COMICS* #1, August 1941. (Q)

Invisible Hood: *SMASH COMICS* #1, August 1939 (also called "Invisible Justice"). (Q)

Neon the Unknown: *HIT COMICS* #1, July 1940. (Q)

The Hourman: *ADVENTURE COMICS* #48, March 1940. (DC)

Blackhawk: *MILITARY COMICS* #1, August 1941. (Q)

Aquaman: *MORE FUN COMICS* #73, November 1941. (DC)

(With special thanks to Dr. Jerry Bails' *Collector's Guide: The First Heroic Age*.)

1942—a world at war! And against the forces of Axis darkness, the mightiest heroes of Earth-Two have banded together, under direct orders of the President, as the

STAR SQUADRON

CRISIS ON EARTH-X! THE PREQUEL

HOW ABOUT IT, DR. MID-NITE? IS YOUR SEMI-NAMESAKE GOING TO BE ABLE TO CLUE US IN?

PLEASE DO NOT HURRY HIM UNLUCKY, FLASH.

THOUGH I AM STILL UNCERTAIN ABOUT THE PARTICULARS, I BEGAN TO FEEL THAT IT'S A MAN HAS COME FROM A FAR PLACE TONIGHT... FARTHER, PERHAPS, THAN EVEN THE SPECTRE WOULD EVER HAVE DREAMED!

I-I'll BE OKAY, PEOPLE... JUST NEED A MINUTE... CATCH MY BREATH...

WE PICKED A GREAT NIGHT FOR OUR FIRST GENERAL MEETING!

FIRST A GUY CLAIMING TO BE UNCLE SAM, NO LESS—AND SWEARING HE'S JUST COME BACK FROM ANOTHER EARTH, ALMOST EXACTLY LIKE OURS—

—AND NOW THIS!

ON THE OTHER HAND, SUPERMAN, IT MAY JUST BE THAT WE HAPPEN TO BE IN THE RIGHT PLACE, AT PRECISELY THE RIGHT TIME—FOR ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT MISSIONS OF OUR ENTIRE CAREERS!

AND FOR ME TO GET UP THAT PASTY SHOULDERS WOUND, FELLA.

I THINK YOU JUMPED THE GUN ABOUT THE DOLL MAN'S CONDITION... PHANTOM LADY.

LOOK! HE ALREADY SEEMS BETTER! JUST FROM BEING BATHED IN THE LIGHT OF MY POWER RINGS!

THANK GOD!

THEN I GUESS THAT LEAVES IT UP TO OL' SAMUEL TO TRY AND PIECE TOGETHER WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO THE TWO OF 'EM.

YOU'VE GOT TO EVEN KNOW FOR SURE WHO YOU ARE YET, WHISKERS?

JOHNNY QUACK! AT LEAST WE CAN HEAR HIM OUT!

WE CAN DO MORE THAN THAT, LIBERTY BELL. PERSONALLY, I'M TEMPTED TO BELIEVE HE MIGHT JUST BE THE LEGENDARY UNCLE SAM—

BUT THERE'S NOBODY LIVING WHO CAN LIVE WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF NO NARCOTIC LASSO.

WITH A TIP OF THE THOMAS/HOBBS CHAPELIN TO LEN WEIN, WHO FIRST CONCEPTUALIZED THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS AS A GROUP "WIP' BACK IN JUSTICE LEAGUE # 107-108.

"Yesterday, December 2, 1941—a date that will live in infamy!"—the immortal phrasing by Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

ROY THOMAS & RICK HOBBS
writer/artist-in residence
inspired a hearty handshake to **BILL COLLINS**, 'biter now and then
GENE DANIELO colorist
ALBERT DE GUZMAN & CORY letterers

WITH A TIP OF THE THOMAS/HOBBS CHAPELIN TO LEN WEIN, WHO FIRST CONCEPTUALIZED THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS AS A GROUP "WIP' BACK IN JUSTICE LEAGUE # 107-108.

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UHHNN—!

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—the immortal phrasing by
Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

ROY THOMAS
writer/
editor

extend a hearty handshake to
BILL COLLINS, *inker novavet*

GENE D'ANGELO
colorist

RICK HOBERG
artist-in-
residence

ALBERT DE GUZMAN &
COPY LETTERERS

WITH A TIP OF THE THOMAS/HOBERG CHAPEAUX TO LEN WEIN, WHO FIRST CONCEPTUALIZED THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS AS A GROUP WAY BACK IN JUSTICE LEAGUE #107-108.